

This Year I Mean it

A new year's day of rain and cold

A head of sludge and weak regret

The next twelve months will soon unfold

A bright new goal to set

I'll cut the booze and switch to tea

No cocktails, fizzy, beer or gin

A flint-cold Chablis not for me

I'll never drink again

I'll run each day, a mile at least

And stretch before the weights I lift

A daily swim to make me slim

The pool a nearby gift

A strict new diet, pure and good

Just protein, grilled, and salad, fresh

No sugar, fat, no processed food

To mortify my flesh

More books, more words, more early nights

Less TV, scrolling, mindless junk

A novel, done, my name in lights

If not this year, I'm sunk.